

Woman Sawed In Half

John Hiatt

She was a woman sawed in half
It was done by a bad magician
There was a point at which she just had to laugh
You could appreciate her position

Her legs in one way and her head another
She just kept thinking about walking away
They tried to put her back together underneath the cover
But her heart kept getting in, getting in the way

Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya

She was a woman sawed in half
Let's cut to the chase, love, this was show time
And he was sweating bullets and walking on glass
Somewhere between the evening news and tomorrow's headline
Buzz awhile

She was a woman sawed in half
It was done by a bad magician
Yeah, it was a clear cut thing, no, you didn't have to ask
She was gonna have to make her own decisions

Her legs got up and walked away and her head came rolling
Oh, the room was painted black light and, and turning the day g
low
She wound up in two places at once, her heart was swollen
He played his musical saw in the streets of San Diego

Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya

She was a woman sawed in half, her legs in Tijuana
She was a bodiless head and trapeze artist in a circus in Bomba
y
Now a woman's gonna do exactly what a woman's gonna

Yeah, some bad magicians wouldn't have it any other way
She holds on to that trapeze by the skin of her teeth or so the
y say